

POLISH-FRENCH SCHEME TO GET LOANS FROM AMERICA BARED

WOMAN SPY SCHEMED TO MAKE SILLY DUPES OF PARLIAMENT CHIEFS

Colonel Pilenas Tells of Bail Offered by Yvonne Pourveau to Get His Aid for French Propaganda in Fostering Program to Grab Lithuania and Fix Grip on Baltic States as Well as on Silesia—They Believed That Pretty Girl Secret Agent Was One Weak Spot in His Armor.

This is the third article of a series by Colonel Casimir Pilenas, Scotland Yard's famous investigator of international affairs for the past twenty-five years. From his secret investigation of the Silesian problem he is now able, by reason of his retirement, to give to the world for the first time amazing revelations of secret diplomacy and international intrigues by France to obtain control of Silesia by using Poland as a pawn. Colonel Pilenas has disclosed how this gigantic French military plot also involved all the Balkan states, and how France engaged in double dealing at the London conference to settle the French-English dispute. He also revealed how Briand, by a "master move" to outwit Lloyd George, had the Silesian question put up to the League of Nations for a decision.

By COLONEL CASIMIR PILENAS,
Famous Scotland Yard Investigator.

UNDERWOOD'S method of procedure for dragging me into the Polish net was precisely the same as that he adopted in his efforts to trap me into a definite undertaking to serve the French. I was once more to write to the charge d'affaires and ask for an appointment. No mention was to be made of the name of Underwood or anyone else. Purely an inquiry as to when it would be convenient for me to be received.

"The rest will be quite well understood," said Underwood. "Your name and your record have been before them and they are also aware of your recent experiences with the French Embassy, so for heaven's sake make your plans a little more carefully this time."

Underwood assured me that in a few days he would be on his way to Warsaw to keep an appointment with an official of the French Embassy there, and, consequently, was unable to take any further part in the business of fixing me up with the Polish Legation.

"But," he said, "this should be easy. Ciechanowski is a gentleman and he will play straight with you. All you need do is let him know that you are prepared to give him the benefit of any information you possess and all other help possible with a view to bringing the Poles and the Lithuanians together on the question of a federation. After all Lithuania, at the present moment, is in the hands of the Jews."

Girl Used as Lure.

"Soloveichik, the Minister of Jewish Affairs in Kovno, is really the leader of the government, and not Dr. Grinius at all. Anyway, whatever your personal opinion might be, you must surely realize that Lithuania isn't going to benefit any so long as she is guided by that crowd of Jews and Soviet agents. That is what you want to bear in mind when you see Ciechanowski."

After giving me this groundwork upon which he considered it necessary that I should base my offer to the Polish officials, Underwood left me, and I have not seen him from that day; neither am I anxious to renew the acquaintance. I wrote to Ciechanowski on the following day, but it was only a day later that the French, through Yvonne Pourveau, made another effort to get me in their grip.

They believed, apparently, that the pretty French girl was my weak spot. She at any rate did not think for one moment that I should refuse to accept her offer. Here are the material passages from her letter in which she made her proposals. After a number of complimentary remarks calculated to put me on good terms with myself, she went on:

"You could render great service in the west, for you understand the western character and mentality well, and you are broad-minded. You know English very well, which is another reason why you should be in the west. Besides, you are an energetic and courageous man. We should work together, in co-operation with the British to open a pro-Lithuanian campaign in Britain."

Tried to Involve British.

"Try to get adequate funds from the United States for this special campaign. At the end of the week I shall write to you about a scheme for active work and perhaps ask you to see a few people in London to enlist their aid and discuss the question of active co-operation in our common interests."

"I am writing myself to several friends in important circles. I was just about to propose to you a campaign in Great Britain to explain the

Polish schemes in Eastern Europe. This would enable me to put articles in the French press and afterwards commence similar operations here. Several British M. P.'s would probably support our activity as well as well-known women like Lady Bonham Carter (Mrs. Asquith's daughter), Mrs. Despard (Lord French's sister) and Mrs. Hudson Lyall (a prominent member of the London County Council).

"Colonel J. Wedgewood, M. P., is at present in India, but as soon as he is back he will certainly agree to co-operate with us. He and Commander Kenworthy, M. P., are very active men and understand how to question their Government. I want a few M. P.'s here of this kind, too, to work in the same manner for foreign questions."

Knowing her and her connections it was quite obvious that her intentions were to install me in London to do all I could to obtain support and try to justify French action in the Baltic region.

Having dropped me once on the ground that I had played a double game, the plotters were evidently trying to make sure of me this time by setting two traps, one through Yvonne and one through the Polish Legation. The first failed completely, since I ignored Mlle. Pourveau's suggestion, but the second was much more attractive and proved quite full of thrills.

On the next day, April 15, I received the following reply from the Polish Legation at 45 Grosvenor Square, W.:

Two Traps for Pilenas.

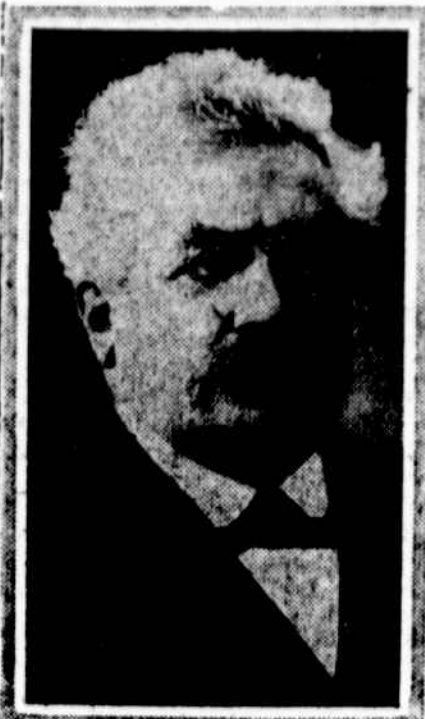
"Sir—I beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter of April 13, and with reference to its contents beg to state that I shall be pleased to receive you tomorrow between 11 and 1 o'clock, at the Polish Legation, 45 Grosvenor Square. Should this appointment not be convenient for you I suggest that you should call on Monday next at the same hours and address. Yours truly,

"J. CIECHANOWSKI,
"Charge d'Affaires."

I found it quite convenient to keep the first appointment. Ciechanowski, a very keen and highly polished young man, was waiting for me. Before I had time to open my mouth after our greetings Ciechanowski said: "First of all, M. Pilenas, you understand that it is to the interest of Poland to become on the most friendly terms possible with the Lithuanians, and if it can be accomplished to bring about an agreement as to the federation of the two countries. I don't want you to tell me anything that you feel is secret."

We went on to talk of various negotiations connected with the forthcoming meeting of the League of Nations and finally Ciechanowski dismissed me with the promise that

AIDS POLES



Alexandre Millerand

President of the French Republic, who, according to Colonel Pilenas, secretly mobilized the French army ready for dash across Germany to seize Baltic nations and Silesia.

he would communicate with me further after he had written to Warsaw and asked the Polish government for permission to attach me to the legation in an advisory capacity.

Next, Ciechanowski inquired what I knew of Colonel Ward, the former British consul at Vilna. I told him that to the best of my knowledge Colonel Ward had recently accepted the managing directorship of a firm known as Merx, Ltd., which was formed exclusively for trading with Lithuania. Under Colonel Ward's management this firm became a sort of semi-official institution.

Ciechanowski went so far as to tell me that he had no doubt as to my reliability and that he was perfectly satisfied of my ability to be of great use to the Polish legation if I agreed to remain with them. Once more I was dismissed to wait the arrival of the reply from Warsaw. This did not arrive until early in June, and then it was to the effect that the legation would retain me in an advisory capacity at a salary of 50 pounds a month. It was then that Ciechanowski removed his mask. He said:

Plotter's Mask Off.

"First of all, you must get in touch with Prof. Wilden-Hart and give him an interview, which he will prepare in a manner we think fit for the press. Of course, our paper is the Morning Post, but in this case Prof. Wilden-Hart is a man of considerable standing and can get articles in any paper in London."

I met him by appointment at the Strand Palace Hotel. "On your own showing," he said, "you admit that the Lithuanians in Vilna are in a minority. Why, then, should not Vilna be Polish?"

"You are mistaken, professor," I retorted. "If you argue that way, Vilna should be Jewish, for the Jews are in the majority. Lithuanians, Poles and White Russians combined are in a minority, for the Jews alone constitute over 40 per cent of the total population, and with the addition of the miscellaneous nationalities the total is carried to 53 per cent."

The professor's reply was a perceptive "Ah," and the interview ended.

I met Wilden-Hart again about a fortnight later, after having

Birds Give Fire Alarm As Nests Are Threatened

RICHMOND, Va., Nov. 5.

BIRDS circling above a building attracted the attention of a man a distance of four blocks away, on Powhatan street, and indirectly led to the discovery of a fire. He saw them settle in flight as if to alight, then rise again. A moment later, a cloud of smoke arose from a roof, seemingly directly under them. He ran to Powhatan street, where flames were breaking from upper windows.

After smothering the blaze with high-pressure hose, firemen cut through the gables with axes and threw to the street more than a bale of hay that had been deposited piecemeal by sparrows in "feathering their nest."

searched the papers in vain for any sign of my "cooked" interview. I had a call shortly afterward—on July 8—from W. Wroblewski, who had become the new Polish minister to the Court of St. James. I showed him a copy of Wilden-Hart's interview, and after reading it he appeared almost as angry as I had been when I first saw it. "It is much too obviously biased," he said. "How could he expect to get that in any paper?"

I asked how anyone could get anything about Poland in any English paper at that time: "Yes, that is the difficulty," Wroblewski said. "But, still, there is always Paris. Suppose you go and prepare a statement on those lines"—handing me Wilden-Hart's interview—"and we will see what we can do with the French press. Of course, you will have to go over to Paris and be interviewed."

Korfanty's Mission.

Matters were rushed from then, and on the 15th of July I was given a letter by Count Potocki to introduce me to M. T. Romer, the first secretary of the Polish legation in Paris. I presented myself to Romer on the 18th, and after reading my letter he asked me for the statement which had been prepared in London. He read it and then remarked, "Yes. I will call up the director of the Agence Polonaise de Presse."

It was arranged that I should return to the legation later in the day, when, in addition to M. Romer, I met Capt. Paul Kleczkowski and Count Lubanski. Now, Kleczkowski, in addition to being an official of the Agence Polonaise de Presse, which was quite openly an official branch of the Polish legation, was also a captain of the French military intelligence and a former singer at the Paris Grand Opera.

I tackled Kleczkowski as to the purpose of Korfanty's visit to Paris and he assured me in the presence of the others that there was nothing accidental about it, but he was there to explain the true position in Upper Silesia.

"As a matter of fact," said Kleczkowski, "the French press are giving a banquet in honor of him and I am carrying out the arrangements for it. Won't you join us?"

I accepted, and then fixed an appointment with Prof. Zaleski, who was to take me to the editor of the Journal des Debats, where I should be given my first opportunity of working off the spoof interview. Things were going fairly well so far, except at the legation, where I had to battle with a suspicion that I was spying on them.

However, by appearing friendly and confidential with the staff, I succeeded in allaying their suspicions, although I am sure one man with whom I came in contact in Paris at that time did not trust me, and I assuredly did not trust him. It was through him, although he little suspects it, that I obtained details of Millerand's plans for a coup d'etat.

Millerand's Hand Seen.

This man, Lubiez-Milez, was an agent of Millerand, and through some skillful manipulation by the latter had been appointed Charge d'Affaires at the Lithuanian legation in Paris. Even the staff at the Polish legation derived some amusement from this clever move which, left, as the man in command of the Lithuanian legation, an employee of Millerand, whose duty was to communicate anything worthy of notice to Philip Berthelot, the Secretary General of the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

Thus there was an agent of the French military party enjoying the full confidence of the Lithuanian government at a time when Millerand, becoming impatient, was urging his colleagues to agree to the immediate seizure of Lithuania. Millerand was the father of the greater Poland scheme, and, in his anxiety to see the first step accomplished, had succeeded in carrying his point that a partial mobilization should take place and several armies were ready at least two months ago. I am not in a position to say those armies have been added to since the end of July, but they most certainly have not been disbanded.

They are ready today, and at the first opportunity when France decides on some pretext to send more troops into the Ruhr she will send sufficient to overcome any opposition to her plan to pass through to the assistant of the Poles in their work in the Baltic states.

If Germany protests—well, that is provided for. If she doesn't, she will gain nothing by her silence. I will show you next week how the Poles used me in their efforts to blind the world to their criminal intentions.

(The fourth instalment of Pilenas' absorbing revelations will be published next Sunday in The Washington Times.)

GILLIARD DESCRIBES SLAYING OF THE CZAR AND HIS FAMILY

ILL-FATED PRINCESSES



Tatiana and Olga, daughters of Czar Nicholas II, who are believed to have met death at hands of Bolsheviks while prisoners at Ekaterinburg.

PICTURE it—an emperor, once ruler of two hundred million human beings, coupled up with his consort, his three proud daughters and little son and heir in a room in a Siberian merchant's house. . . . Their jailer enters at the head of rough, unkempt revolutionary soldiers, their brutal faces twisted with blood-lust. . . . A shot—the Czar falls dead. Another—the Czarina crumples in her chair and slowly sinks to the floor. A volley—and Grand Duchesses, the Czarevitch, stagger and collapse over the bodies of servants, their chef and their coachman!

These are not imaginings. They are duly authenticated history, perhaps the bloodiest page in all history. And the man who describes them and the events which led up to them—the man who has written the most thrilling intimate story of the Russian drama ever published—is the one man alive qualified to write of it—Pierre Gilliard, tutor to the Czarevitch, who miraculously escaped the same fate as his royal master and mistress. With suffering and sorrow seared into his soul, Gilliard now tells the world the truth concerning the brutal murders in this, the final instalment of his amazing revelation.

By PIERRE GILLIARD,
For Ten Years Tutor to the Czarevitch and the Grand Duchesses, Children of the Czar.

(Translated from the French)

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PART VI.

"WITHIN six weeks after the day of my death," Rasputin once said to the Czarina, "the life of your son and heir to the throne will be in terrible danger, and Russia herself will be tottering to her ruin!"

How clearly I remembered those words in the first two weeks in March, 1917! The Emperor abdicated March 15. I was with the royal family at Tsarkoe-Selo, none of whom heard of the abdication until the evening of the 17th.

Four days later, after the most heartrending experience for the Empress, whose husband had been away for more than ten days, word came from the provisional government that we were prisoners in the palace. A strong body of revolutionary troops was set to keep guard over us.

Kerensky Sees Tsar.

The next morning the Emperor arrived at Tsarkoe-Selo.

The family and those of us who remained with them were kept under close guard and hardly allowed outside of the palace. The provisional government evidently desired to allow the imperial family to escape to some foreign country, presumably England.

I have beside me as I write the diary I kept during those terrible experiences. The entries show a spirit of gloomy foreboding which sends a shiver through me now as I recall the sad history of the last year of the life of that family which I knew and loved so well.

TUESDAY, April 3.—Kerensky came to the palace today for the first time, and made a thorough inspection of everything, after which he had a long conference with the Tsar and Tsarina.

WEDNESDAY, April 4.—Alexis told me about Kerensky's conference with the Emperor, which took place yesterday.

Kerensky entered the room, where the whole imperial family were gathered, and said:

"I am the attorney general, Kerensky."

Then he shook hands with each one, and, turning towards the Empress said:

"The Queen of England asks for news of the 'ex-Empress.'"

Her majesty blushed violently. It was the first time that she heard herself so designated—"the ex-Empress." She responded that she was fairly well.

"That which I begin," said Kerensky, "I follow up to the end—always, with all my energy. I wished to see everything myself in order to report to Petrograd, and that will be better for you."

Then he informed the Emperor that he wished to speak to him privately. They went together into another room.

KERENSKY: "You know that I have just abolished capital punishment. I have done that, although a large number of my comrades have perished—victims of their convictions."

SUNDAY, APRIL 8.—Kerensky informed the Tsar that he was forced to separate him from the Tsarina. The Tsar was to live alone and see his wife only at meal times. They were to be required to speak Russian only. This news aroused the greatest sorrow and indignation

have been taken away and put in a safe place."

Five days later Ekaterinburg passed into the hands of the Bolsheviks. When I returned there I went into the house which had been such a terrible prison. There a horrible sight met my eyes.

Daylight could only enter a window covered by iron bars, which opened in the wall at the height of a man.

The walls and the floors bore numerous traces of bullets and of bayonets. An odious crime had been committed here.

In this room the whole family had been foully murdered—father, mother, Grand Duchesses and the invalided young Tsarevitch.

The final hours of the royal victims were tragic in the extreme. The tragedy may be summarized as follows:

The murder of the imperial family of Russia occurred on July 16, 1918. Yourovsky, chief jailer, went to the rooms of the Czar on the second floor of the merchant Ipatieff's house in Ekaterinburg.

The Czar and Czarina were both asleep when he entered, but they awoke as he closed the door.

"Come, make haste," he said, making his voice seem kind and sympathetic, "there is to be an attack on the house and you must escape."

The whole family dressed and the Czarina and her daughters caught up their precious jewels and secreted them in their clothes.

Down the stairs went the procession, led by the traitor Yourovsky.

After him came the Czar. In his arms he held the Prince, who could not walk.

Behind him the boy's mother, the Czarina, carried cushions so that the Czarevitch would not be uncomfortable.

Trapped for Slaughter.

The grand duchesses followed: Olga, the eldest; the beautiful Tatiana; little Anastasia, sixteen years old, and last, the fair Marie.

Behind came retainers of the royal house who had followed them into exile—Dr. Botkin; Demidova, the maid; Kharonoff, the faithful chef, and old Troup, the coachman.

"Come into this room," invited Yourovsky, "I am going for the carriages."

The imperial family stepped into the room—to their death.

The prince sat in the middle, flanked by the doctor and by the Czar. The Czarina sat near the entrance door. The grand duchesses, with the exception of Tatiana, who was with her mother, sat with their backs to the wall.

Thus they waited—suspecting nothing.

Yourovsky re-entered. The mask of sympathetic kindness had slipped from his face. They saw him as he was—a lustful demon. His eyes were blazing strangely, but he controlled his voice.

"There is a plot to save you," he said, addressing the Czar. "but it will not succeed. We are obliged to put you to death!"

As he spoke he pointed a huge revolver at the amazed monarch and fired. The Czar fell all the Russians fell dead.

And the ten rough soldiers who had crowded in after Yourovsky followed their chief's example, firing volley after volley point-blank into the bodies of the Czarina, her daughters, the faithful servants.

Yourovsky himself shot the Czarevitch. His aim was bad and the boy, tortured, feebly moved. Yourovsky fired again and completed his work.

The room was a shambles—of the eleven persons who had, trustfully, walked into it a few moments before not one was left alive.

The most terrible death was reserved for Anastasia, who was only wounded by the first shots. Seizing the chance to glut their blood-lust, the soldiers leaped upon her writhing body and cut and slashed it to pieces with their bayonets.

Riddled With Bullets.

When all was over the bodies were stripped of their jewels and placed, covered with rough sheets, on sleds waiting at the entrance.

The cortege made off through the night toward the forest. Finally it reached the clearing. Here the bodies were unloaded and partially undressed.

It was then that the jewels hidden beneath the clothing of the royal women were discovered and quickly appropriated—but in the haste some of the gems fell to the ground and were trodden in the snow.

Thereupon the bodies were placed on great funeral pyres, soaked with benzine, and cremated. Parts which offered resistance to the flames were destroyed with sulphuric acid. Until dawn the assassins watched until they were sure that not a trace of their bloody work except a pile of ashes and the gore-soaked ground remained to tell the tale.

The End.

in the Empress. Why should they treat the Tsar so? He, who loved Russia with his whole soul.

MONDAY, APRIL 9.—Kerensky intended to isolate the Empress, but he was told that it would be utterly inhuman to separate a mother from her four sick children. Then he determined to isolate the Tsar.

Taken to Tobolsk.

On August 12 we learned that the family and those who chose to accompany it were to be taken to Tobolsk, Siberia. The next day, under a heavy guard of armed cavalry, we were taken to the station and began our long journey. Ahead of us—bleak and un hospitable Siberia. What a terrible fall for a family so wholeheartedly devoted to Russia!

At first our exile at Tobolsk, although we were always kept strict prisoners, was not very trying. On November 15 we heard that the provisional government had been overthrown.

Kerensky fled. The Bolsheviks obtained control. This was immediately reflected in our treatment. The soldiers, who up to this time had treated us fairly well, became more and more insolent, delighting in doing everything to show the royal family their degradation.

They made them undergo every privation and heaped them with insults of the most brutal and beastly character. This spirit is shown by an entry in my diary for January, 1917.

Wednesday, January 16.—A committee of soldiers of our garrison decided by 100 votes to 85 that epaulettes should be taken from officers and soldiers.

When he heard of the ignominious Brest-Litovsk treaty the Czar was dumbfounded. Russia was ruined. In this treaty the Germans demanded that the Russian imperial family be handed over to them safe and sound.

"It is a shame," said the Czar. "It means suicide for Russia. I would never have thought that the German Emperor and the German government could lower itself to shake hands with these miserable men who have betrayed their country."

When the Czarina learned of the terms of the treaty she said quietly: "After what they have done to the Czar I would rather die in Russia than be saved by Germany."

"I would rather cut off my right hand than sign this treaty," said the Czar. And from that time on he became terribly depressed.

Thursday, April 25.—God help us! It is coming. The beginning of the end is approaching.

At 3 o'clock that afternoon I met two of the Czar's most faithful servants, who broke out with sobs when they saw me. "They have come—come—to take away our master."

After a day of sorrow and anguish, the servants came to the hall to bid their Majesties good-by. The Emperor and his wife were to be separated from the children whom they loved more than the whole world.

The End Approaches.

Finally at 3 o'clock in the morning I heard a rumbling, and looking out of the windows saw peasant carts outside the house. These carts were only fit to carry flour sacks and livestock. What?—were they going to take away the Czar and Czarina in such terrible vehicles? The wagons were filthy and we tried to clean them, without much

success. We found a little straw in a pig sty with which we covered the floor of the cart.

Then we went upstairs. Their Majesties were kneeling beside the bed of the little prince—who was subject to such a terrible malady that they felt they would never see him alive again. The Czarina took Alexis' head in her arms and kissed him again and again. Then, suddenly, she kissed him for the last time and turning brusquely, walked out of the room, not daring to look back. Her eyes were brimming with tears.

We came downstairs. Outside the soldiers were stamping and grumbling impatiently. They had no pity for the tragedy which was being enacted in the house. What did it mean to them that a loving family was broken up under conditions so terrible?

After a sad farewell, everyone was strangled with grief. We heard the wagons rumbling away. We were alone—the children and I—with a few faithful servants.

We heard after three weeks of agony, that their Majesties were imprisoned in a merchant's house at Ekaterinburg under a most brutal red guard.

On Monday, May 20, we left Tobolsk under a strong guard. We heard that we were going to rejoin the Czar and Czarina. But we feared that that was only a cruel joke on the part of the Bolsheviks.

I feared that the worst was going to happen. It was pitiful under such conditions to see the children's faces lighten up as the boat drew near Tioumen, where we were to take a train for Ekaterinburg. They longed to see their mother and father once again.

Execution of the Tsar.

Just as we were getting aboard the train, the guards brutally separated me from the children and thrust me into a fourth-class carriage under an armed guard.

When we arrived at Ekaterinburg I saw the children get out of their carriage, loaded down with heavy valises. Nagorny, the faithful sailor, was carrying Alexis in his strong arms.

I sprang to my feet to go to their aid, but a burly sentinel hurled me back onto the floor of the filthy coach I had occupied during the trip.

I followed them with my eyes. The beautiful Czarina came last, carrying a little dog and wearily dragging along a heavy dark valise, her feet sinking ankle deep into vile, sticky mud at every step.

Several hours later the sentinels informed me that I was free. At first I had a feeling of relief and joy; which was followed by a feeling of intense sadness. Then all was over! I went away a free man, but my brain was reeling.

The Tsar and Tsarina were subjected to the most revolting treatment in their prison house at Ekaterinburg. The vilest, roughest and most indecent men that the Reds could find were placed over them to humiliate them.

I was taken back to Tioumen and imprisoned there.

On July 20 the anti-Bolshevik forces took Tioumen. They were gaining ground rapidly.

Then one night I received the heart-breaking news that the Tsar had been executed.

The sentence of death pronounced against Nicholas Romanoff, ran the official proclamation which had been posted in the streets of Ekaterinburg, "was executed upon the night of July 16-17. The Tsarina and the children of the Tsar